

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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### Agricultural.

#### AGRICULTURE IN THE COMMON SCHOOLS.

Our common schools are the boast and pride of every American citizen. In them children of foreign parentage become practically Americans, with American instincts and predilections. The bias toward any business or belief or practice is best formed in early life. Religious propagandists understand this, and are careful that the early training of children shall be under the direction and influence of their particular sect or belief. The early Indians became hunters and warriors, through the practice of mimic warfare, and mimic exploits with the bow and arrow, through the whole of the childhood of the youngsters. Boys who are set to declaim, or write essays at school, and are kept at it term after term, very likely develop into budding Byrons or embryo Homers, or acquire a taste for stage, oratory and statesmanship. If at school boys should be set to whittling out jumping jacks, wood carvers would be more plenty, and so with every business; what the child practices, he is likely to get a predilection for, that will incline him toward it when he comes to manhood. If the boy stands at the blackboard and illustrates continually practical examples in commercial life, or figures out problems in insurance, or banking, or brokerage, the wonder should not be why he should develop an early liking for trade, and become dissatisfied with farm life, but why so many become farmers. He can't see where he can apply the skill in which he has become an expert to the processes of the farm. His father, if a farmer, never has submitted to him a problem for solution that had reference to the business of the farm, and indeed he would be as little prepared to aid him as he would to translate Chaucer, from the rules in his arithmetic. Why algebra should be taken, and botany left out of the curriculum arranged for common schools, cannot be satisfactorily explained, when it is known that ninety per cent of the scholars attending them are farmers' sons and daughters, and that the funds for their support come largely from the tax on real estate owned by farmers.

From the study of botany in the common schools there would very likely develop experts in the science, who would take pride in naming all the strange grasses and weed which grow on the farm, and they could indicate the probabilities of their usefulness, or otherwise. The common schools of the State stand among, and are surrounded by botanical specimens illustrative of the study, and no prettier sight could be met than a group of boys and misses with hands full of grasses and plants, discussing their classification and names. Vegetable life is now so little known and understood among farmers, that the grossest mistakes are often made through ignorance of the laws governing it. A knowledge of physical botany would explain how plants are influenced by the several agencies of light, heat, air and moisture. It describes their various secretions, and the nutriment afforded by the soil. It explains the circulation of sap in a plant, and shows how its structure is built up from the salts in solution, sent along its veins to the leaves, where the pure water is evaporated and the thickened sap returns to form stem, leaf, flower and fruit, and the root itself. All this knowledge pertains directly to the business of farming. A skillful botanist would delight in applying his skill to the practice of our door life on a farm. If the mind can be pleasantly occupied while the hands are busy, labor is short of its terrors, and the mental sag in the intellectual machinery of farmers so likely to occur, will be less perceptible. There are periods in the history of every country when the study of agriculture becomes more urgent. A step upward is necessary to reach the level of other industries. That point is

now reached by the farmers of America. The pursuit of agriculture is the only occupation in which no special training is considered necessary. This is the more surprising when we consider that out of the pupils of our common schools, more than fifty per cent of them will become farmers, yet no special effort is made to fit them to worthily fill their places, but instead, the entire influence, in so far as their studies can influence them, is directed toward some other occupation.

The study of chemistry is popularly supposed to belong to and to be an adjunct of the sciences only, and indeed it has long been the servant of these higher studies. That it is the right hand supporter of agriculture would not be credited by farmers generally. Agricultural chemistry introduced into the common schools and made a part of the every day tasks for the term, would not only be very interesting to farmers' boys and girls, but would lay the foundation for such practical knowledge of farming, as would tell in future years, and help out in solving the intricate questions of today. It would explain the character of soils, and analyze their parts. It would tell how crops grow and feed, and teach what was necessary to their perfect development. It would explain why a potato sprout in a cellar is used as a simile for the weakling of the family, and why it climbs so high to reach the light. It would give the necessary healthy condition of soil to produce maximum crops, and indicate the degree of maturity at which plants should arrive before they are secured and stored. These questions are now vague guesses at the best, with ninety-nine out of every hundred farmers in the State, while they all are supposed to know something of the practice of mercantile life, and the elements of practice in the business of almost every other profession. The success which has attended the growing of flowers from seeds on school grounds, where the teacher has evinced sufficient interest in the enterprise to secure the seeds, is proof that botany as a study would be a success. Much praise is due S. C. Garfield, of the State Horticultural Society, for this, the first innovation in the old routine of the last forty years.

Every influence attendant upon the schools is to create the impression that education has for its ultimate aim, the making a profession of some kind the business of life, and farmers having their heads in the presence of such men, from the conviction fastened upon them in early life, that the doctors, lawyers and divines, have achieved success, while they have not. Let education be turned, especially in the common schools, toward making farmers out of farmers' children. Teach them that an educated farmer is as much a success as an educated lawyer, and entitled to the same consideration, both socially and politically. Show them that it is of as much importance to know the components parts of the earth beneath their feet, as to know the countries meet in their order in a circuit of the earth. If it is essential to know something of the structure of man and of animals, it is quite as important to know how plants are built up, upon what they feed, and why they fail and die. If the trick of conjugating a verb can be learned, agricultural chemistry can be understood, and what is better, become of practical value.

#### FARMERS' INSTITUTE.

Farmers' Meeting at Chelsea—Large Attendance and Good Time.

A very successful and enjoyable Farmers' Institute was held at Chelsea, Washtenaw County, on the 22nd and 23rd inst., under the direction of Prof. R. C. Carpenter, of the Agricultural College, and President C. H. Wines, of Chelsea. The meetings were held in the Sylvan town hall, a new, neat, and commodious structure, with a seating capacity of 500, and well fitted up for all purposes of public meetings, serving also as the local theatre. Excellent music was furnished by a quartette, consisting of Messrs. Kempf and Ward, Miss Sargeant and Mrs. Babcock, with Miss Margaret Gates at the organ, and this was further supplemented by several selections by the Chelsea Orchestra, on Wednesday evening. The Institute opened

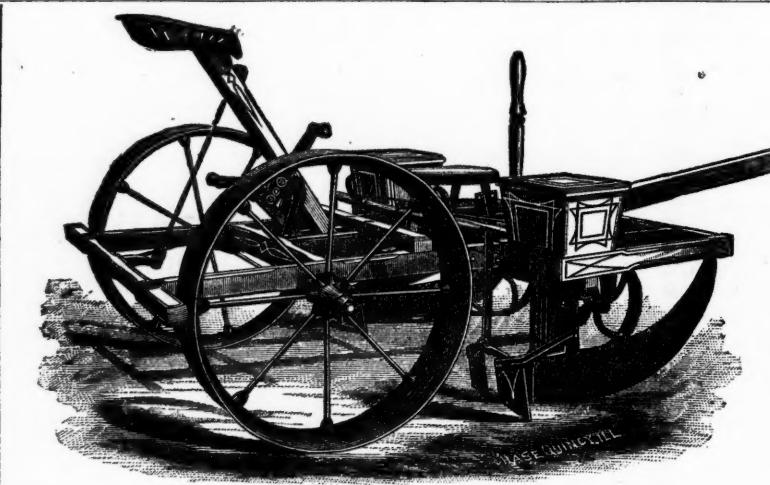
TUESDAY, AT 2 P. M.,

with an attendance of at least 250 representative farmers of Washtenaw County, and their wives. President Wines read an address, welcoming the visitors, and briefly alluding to the advanced agricultural methods of the times, and the increased interest in all matters pertaining to agriculture.

Mr. C. M. Fellows, of Manchester, followed with a paper on "Sheep Husbandry," which we have secured for publication in the FARMER.

Mrs. C. H. Wines then read a paper entitled "House and Home," in which she emphasized the distinction which too often exists between the two. Mrs. Wines' paper will be published in full in the Household of next week's FARMER.

Prof. R. C. Carpenter, of the Agricultural College, then addressed the audience on "How to Build Farm Drains," which he illustrated by models, showing



THE VANDIVER-BARLOW CORN PLANTER, MANUFACTURED BY THE VANDIVER CORN PLANTER COMPANY, QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

the best mode of procedure. The lecturer insisted on the great necessity of a true grade in tile draining, and mentioned some aids in securing this end. He also informed farmers present how to set about securing the laying out of drains through the medium of the township drain commissioner.

#### EVENING SESSION.

Prof. G. H. Harrower, of the Agricultural College, read an address on "Foreign Markets for our Agricultural Products," which bristled with statistics showing the great magnitude of our trade with other countries, and in which he proved that in the case of England, at least, the much talked of "balance of trade" is in our favor. He alluded to the fact that our shipping is decreasing, the bulk of transportation being done in foreign vessels. He thinks that however much Russia and other countries may compete with the United States in grain raising, we have too great advantages in the way of cheap lands, cheap and rapid transportation, refrigerator cars, and other appliances for carrying, to fear competition in cattle and meat production.

Mr. Wm. Lambie, of Ypsilanti, then read an original poem on "Farmers' Homes," depicting the pleasures and comforts of a country home.

Although no session had been advertised for Wednesday morning, it was finally decided, in view of the great interest manifested, to meet for an extra session, at which time the discussion of Prof. Carpenter's paper on farm drainage was continued.

J. W. Wing, of Ypsilanti, followed with an able paper on "Farm Insurance," in which he took the ground that for farmers, mutual insurance was both safer and cheaper than the stock companies, comparing the methods and advantages of both, and conclusively proving his position. An animated discussion followed, in which many farmers participated before the call to dinner being twice repeated it was decided.

#### WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

In spite of the severe cold and a driving snowstorm, the hall was filled with an attentive and interested audience.

Mrs. R. F. Johnstone, of the Michigan Farmer, read a paper on "Our Schools and Schoolhouses," taking the ground that farmers themselves are largely responsible, through their own apathy and indifference, for the inefficiency of our country schools.

Prof. Samuel Johnson, of the Agricultural College, then read a paper on the "Economic Breeding and Feeding of Stock," which was replete with valuable suggestions and information. He said the stock interests of the country were assuming proportions of overwhelming magnitude. The value of our stock amounts to over two billions of dollars, and other interests are rapidly becoming tributary to the stock interest. He believed farmers could not continue wheat raising under existing conditions, except at a loss. He advocated no particular breed of cattle; each farmer should select that most to his tastes and best adapted to his locality and methods of farming. He deprecated the practice of selling the best because of the higher price and keeping the poorest on the farm. Sell the poorest; weed out the inferior. It is a mistake to pay too much attention to fancy points. In selection, it is best to select the animal with fewest defects, rather than the one with a few excellencies, nor is it always best to choose young animals. Do not expect to go to the top at once; development is gradual. The good breeder must be a good feeder, and vice versa, but the lore of breeding and feeding often cannot be communicated. Digestion is increased by proper food, which must be varied, palatable, habitual and in full supply. Foods have a market value, also a physiological one. This was one of the most valuable papers presented at the Institute, and we hope to be able to present it to our readers in full at an early date.

#### WEDNESDAY EVENING.

A large audience assembled to listen to Prof. R. G. Baird, Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, who discussed the work of the Agricultural College, and controverted several erroneous opinions concerning it. He showed that the college was in effect self-supporting, the income from the fund derived from the sale of

lands granted for the establishment of college being sufficient for the actual work of teaching, the Legislative appropriations aiding in carrying on other work valuable to the farmers, and called for by them. In reference to the objection raised that young men often choose other vocations than farming after graduation, he said that whereas fifty per cent of the graduates were practical farmers, the college records proved that only thirty-eight per cent of the pupils entered with the intention of making farming their life-work. He thought this fact proved two things, that the college was exerting a good influence on young men in diverting so many from their original intent to the work of farming, and also that farmers themselves were often in fault for not making agriculture more attractive. This address was listened to with profound attention, proving how lively an interest farmers have on the subject.

Mr. E. A. Nordmann, of Lima, offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Institute that an experimental station should be established in this State, in connection with the Agricultural College.

The customary resolutions of thanks to College faculty, choir and citizens were then passed. The citizens of Chelsea most hospitably entertained all who came from a distance, while the tables in the spacious dining room attached to the hall were bountifully spread with good things, which were fully appreciated by those attending. Supper on Tuesday, and dinner and supper on Wednesday, were provided, and the supply was excellent and ample to the last.

The Institute was largely attended throughout, and may be put down a success; and great credit is due the President and various committees on whom the labor of arranging the programme and furnishing entertainment for so many devolved.

#### SHIAWASSEE COUNTY NOTES.

The Flocks and Herds Owned by C. Hibbard & Son.

In order to redeem a promise made some time ago, to visit the southern portion of Shiawassee County, and see some of the flocks and herds that are being established there, we took the west bound train on the D. & M. R. R. one of those cold days when the mercury in the thermometer was cuddling down at about zero. Everybody seemed in a hurry, and the hue that rested on the cheeks of the ladies and lasses on the way would have done credit to a wild rose in summer. The windows in the cars were so thoroughly frosted over that we could not get much of a view of the country as we passed along. At Owosso we found Mr. J. W. Hibbard, who had driven over from Bennington to meet us, and were soon slipping over the fleecy snow in a cutter behind a grand-daughter of Louis Napoleon. We found Mr. Hibbard as enthusiastic as ever while talking of stock matters, and we hardly realized that we had passed over a stretch of five miles when we arrived at his place. After making the acquaintance of a warm fire and partaking of a sumptuous repast, such as these stock farmers' wives prepare, that are composed of delicacies sufficient to adorn the table of a king, we wended our way to the barn to get a look at the stock.

We find that Mr. Hibbard has a grand good farm of 460 acres, on which the din of business is rife in winter as well as in summer, as there were ten teams employed in hauling sawlogs and wood the day on which we arrived.

Some thirty years ago Mr. C. Hibbard, the senior member of the firm, came across from Indiana, bringing his goods and family in a lumber wagon, and settled where he now lives. The first purchase was 130 acres, which he cleared off timber, and on it erected a good commodious farm house and out-buildings, substantially built, well painted, and they present an appearance indicative of thrift and enterprise. Subsequent purchases have been made of land adjoining, until the farm has reached its present dimensions. Considering the limited means with which Mr. Hibbard began here, we have met with but few farmers, if any, who could in the decline of life, sit down and take a retrospective view of their career with greater satisfaction; for being

spared the companion of his life to be a solace and comfort in his latter years, and with him to enjoy the fruits of their handiwork; also being associated in business with his only son, who is thoroughly wedded to it, and is determined to make what was once a wilderness to boom like Eden, there is but little more that could be desired.

On the farm are two dwelling houses, the one at the south end being occupied by the son. Near this house they have recently built a stock barn, sixty feet long, forty feet wide, posts eighteen feet long, standing on a basement wall, and is covered with a gambrel roof. This arrangement makes an excellent stock barn, as the basement is a very comfortable stable, while the entire room above can be used for storing forage.

In company with J. W. Hibbard we took a look at the stock on the farm. There are some forty head of cattle in all, there being twenty-four high grades and sixteen thoroughbreds. It is the design of the proprietors to sell the grades at auction in the coming spring, so as to give their attention in the future to the breeding of thoroughbred Shorthorns. This lot of grades is the result of breeding and selecting for the last sixteen years, and is worthy of the attention of farmers in the community who are desirous of obtaining cattle that are eminently useful both for milk and beef. Many of them possess in conformation the characteristics of pure breeds, and would be an ornament in any farmer's pasture.

The herd of pure bred Shorthorns, though not large in numbers yet, has been selected with care, and the record already attained in the show-ring proclaims their qualities more effectively than we can. At the head of the herd stands Wiley Oxford 3d 34111, a bull bred by B. B. Groom of Kentucky, and well known to Short-horn breeders throughout the State. He is a very compact animal, solid red in color, and has proved himself a good sire.

Among the cows in the herd we find Thorndale Lass, a cow bred at Bow Park in Canada, and as an individual she is well worthy of mention. She is a solid red in color; short-legged, massive animal, with straight lines above and below, and will attract attention anywhere among Short-horn admirers. Her sire was imp. Grand Duke of Thorndale (31298) and traces through illustrious ancestry to imp. Red Rose by Baron Kiddale (11156). Her pedigree, we believe, after a thorough analysis will prove satisfactory to the most fastidious. This cow has recently dropped a heifer calf by G. W. Stuart's bull Victor that is a credit to both sire and dam.

The next cow we examined was Jenny Belle, bred by Wm. Ball. Her sire was Treble Mazurka 23045, tracing to imp. Adelaide by Magnus Monum (2343). She is one of those grand cows that has done what was creditable to her family in the show-ring as well as in the farm yard. Her color is also red, she has a fine head and horns, a neck that moulds well into the shoulder, remarkably well developed crops, straight lines above and below, broad back, and in all presents a fine general appearance. This cow has also dropped a fine heifer calf got by Stuart's bull.

The next is Rowena of Webster, a cow bought at the Ball & Boyden sale at Lansing. She is a rich roan in color, is of good size and proportions, and has one of those broad backs that are a characteristic of Ball's Rowenas. Her sire was Lord Barrington 2d 30115, he by 23d Duke of Airdrie (41350) and out of imp. Duchess of Bedford 2d, by Duke of Oxford and Gloster (28426), Rowena of Webster's dam was by Rowena 14th, by Oxford Argyle 20534, a Young Mary bull by Oxford Airdrie 13546, out of Big Mary by Duke of Argyle 5339. Her granddam Rowena 13th, was by Velocipede 9250, he by the pure Duke bull 2nd Duke of Geneva 5562, and traces to imp. Rosabella, by Velocipede (15532) a representative of one of the best tribes of Shorthorns in the whole country. Thus it will be seen that Rowena of Webster has in her top crosses as good blood as one could wish for. Tracing to imp. Pomona by Bedford Jr. (1701), she carries a family name that will be recognized as one of the good ones in any part of the country.

Another in this herd is Jessie Lewis, a cow of the Stapleton Lass family. Her sire was Cambridge Duke 28758, he by 23d Duke of Airdrie. Jessie Lewis' dam was by Louan Clements 25816, granddam by the well known bull Hotspur 4950. This Stapleton Lass family is well known throughout the country, and it will be remembered that D. M. Uhl's cow Florence, with which he won some first premiums in her day, was a daughter of imp. Stapleton Lass by Sailor (9592).

There are other Shorthorns in this herd, but space forbids a further mention of them. Leaving the cattle barns at the north part of the farm, we were taken to the hog house, a frame building, standing on a basement wall. The upper portion of this building is used for storing grain, while the basement is used for the pigs pens. In this basement soft feed can be fed in midwinter, and will not freeze, but much care should be taken not to confine the pigs too much of the time in these

warm pens, as disease is likely to generate there.

We then were taken to the south part of the farm, where they have begun quite an extensive piggery. A cooker is to be put in here, and the pigs will be fed cooked feed hereafter.

Mr. Hibbard has been selecting a foundation for a herd of Berkshires, and has some of the best blood known, as an analysis of their pedigrees will show.

Here we find Louisa 8882, the sow that won first premium at the Lansing Fair, last fall. Her sire was Shady 3175, and out of imp. Watchmaid 659, by imp. Duke of Gloucester 105. Shady was by imp. Duke of Swinestown 3178, and out of Liverpool's Souvenir 6586, by Lord Liverpool 231, the boar that John Snell's Sons sold N. H. Gentry, of Missouri, for \$700. There is also retained here for a breeder a daughter of Louisa, called Michigan Duchess 8952, sired by Billy Tombs 3795, he by imp. Royal Tombs 693, a boar that won seven first prizes, and was sold by John Snell's Sons to Wm. Smith, of Detroit, for \$350. Michigan Beauty is a sow of fine proportions, has a splendid head and neck, well sprung ribs, broad and straight in the back, and has a pair of hams that are broad and deep.

A pair have been added to the herd by the purchase of Beauty R. VI. 10617, and Rex 10051, of R. P. Gustin, of Bay City. These pigs were sired by the Marquis of Lorne 3641. The dam of Beauty R was Beauty of Balmoral IV., 6472, and she by Norton's Smithereen; granddam Rachel, by imp. Duke of Swinestown, a boar used in Heber Humphrey's herd in England, and imported by T. S. Cooper. The dam of Rex was Countess of Balmoral IV., 6476, by Don Pedro I, 3137, granddam Rachel as above. It will be remembered that this sow Rachel was the mother of the pigs that A. A. McArthur showed with great success in 1879. Her dam was Wicktown Lass, by Mr. Clark's boar Ardington Lass—by 384 N, Son of Longrange, No. 304 A.—by Darling Best First by Rainbow.

Another addition has recently been made by the purchase of a pair from the Elm Grove herd of Berkshires. These pigs are called Grand Sovereign and Royal Souvenir. Grand Sovereign was sired by Young Sovereign, he by Royal Sovereign 4155, dam Souvenir Tombs 4631, by Royal Tombs 693, granddam Liverpool's Souvenir 6586, by imp. Lord Liverpool 221. The sire of Royal Souvenir was Young Tombs 4031. Thus it will be seen that by tracing these pedigrees in any way you may, some of the best blood known will be found.

The Messrs. Hibbard have a grand flock of grade Merino sheep that are heavy shearers, and they have laid the foundation for a flock of registered sheep, but space forbids our giving a detailed account of them at present.

#### The Barlow Rotary, Barlow Gem and Vandiver-Barlow Corn Planters.

We call the attention of our readers to the above named corn planters, made by the Vandiver Corn Planter Co., of Quincy, Illinois.

The Barlow Rotary, and Vandiver-Barlow Planters have been used extensively in this State, and with other planters made by the above named company, are largely sold in every corn-growing State in this country. The Barlow Rotary and Vandiver-Barlow Planters have a revolving seed cup which shows the corn five hills in advance of the place it is to be deposited. The rotary dropping device is simple, and has a short and easy throw of the bar, making these planters especially adapted to the check rows.

The Vandiver-Barlow is known specially by having the cover shovels for covering the corn, and gauge wheels for regulating the depth of planting.

The Barlow Gem Planter is constructed differently from the above named planters, and does not have the seed up. It is a light, durable planter, the rotary drop being constructed so as to keep the corn continually stirred, insuring perfect filling of the drop plates. It is also adapted to use with check rows.

The automatic lock-lever for forcing the runners into the ground, or raising the front part, locking automatically to either position, is used on the Barlow Rotary and Barlow Gem planters.

We trust our farmers will notice the advertisement of these planters in this issue, and remember the planters when they buy in the spring.

Among the six largest beet sugar-producing countries in Europe—Germany, Austria, France, Russia, Belgium, and Holland—Germany, during the season of 1882-83, carried off the palm, with 800,000 tons. Next came Austria with 475,000 tons, France with 435,000 tons, Russia with 250,000, Belgium with 75,000 tons, and Holland with 25,000 tons. This immense production is largely the result of the policy of the first Napoleon in fostering this industry less than ninety years ago. He did it to make France independent of the British colonies, and the industry has since spread over Europe. Those who are despairing of seeing the Northern States producing all the sugar they need, can take heart from a perusal of the above figures.

#### PENCIL SKETCHES BY THE WAY.

In referring to my memorandum which had been unaccountably mislaid (but since found), I shall in these sketches revert to the visit that I made in Shiawassee County, and several other localities, and combine them in one sketch.

We find the young and energetic Rush Brothers living nicely on a good 140 acres of land in Bennington, in the above named county, with comfortable home and surroundings. On this farm we found a nice party of high grade sheep, on which they are using at present a buck bred by Gideon Pitts, of Honeoye Falls, N. Y., and sold them by C. Hibbard & Son; also a nice bunch of grade cattle, the younger ones being sired by Hibbard & Son's Wylie Oxford 27854. We think these boys will soon have some thoroughbred ones, as the contagion from C. H. & Son should catch hold soon.

L. C. Cooper, the supervisor of the town, has a farm of only 80 acres, upon which he has made good improvements in the last ten years, the time he has been on it. He has no thoroughbred or registered stock, but has 80 well graded sheep and a few head of grade Shorthorns.

S. A. Yerkes has a fine residence and good barns on his 340 acres of level land, with gravelly soil, close by the village of Bennington. He showed us 250 grade sheep, and his ram, bred by and purchased from L. Sprague, of Farmington, Mich.; also a cow bred by A. S. Brooks, and her calf from C. Hibbard & Son's Wylie Oxford. He also has some Poland Chinas. Mr. Yerkes has in the past been quite a horse fancier, raising and selling some very fine and valuable stock, among which, if we remember rightly, was Reynard, who was killed on the track at Charlotte last year. We were quite interested in his fish pond, in which are some specimens of carp of good size.

John Welch came into this town 17 years ago, and settled in a wilderness; today, as the result of his labors, he owns 100 acres of splendid wheat land, with a new house built a year ago, good barns and other buildings. He has a lot of good horses, cattle, and 120 grade sheep, but thinks the MICHIGAN FARMER too dear at \$1.50 a year for him to think of taking. We thank the noble band of over 12,000 farmers and stockmen who are pleased to think so differently. John W. Dewey, of Owosso, showed us his five-year-old Shorthorn bull, 6th Duke of Fenton 35250, by 10th Duke of Oakland 19549, out of Fanny 4th (Vol. 1, p. 331) by Blucher 19549; and also a nice bunch of two and three-year-old high grades (by light of lantern), and also a seven-year-old bull by Louis Napoleon, as well as some Magna Charta stock. He has a good house and barns on his 240 acres of rich land, and has 140 grade sheep and uses only registered sires.



United States, 17 Malden Lane, NEW YORK.



**FLORICULTURAL.**


For amateur culture, Mr. Wood recommended the Hervey Davis, Wilder, Seth Boyden, Hovey, Jucunda and La Constante, in the order in which they are named. The Hervey Davis is not so profitable as the Downing or Sharpless, but has great vigor, which it retains through

have long roots and are slow in growing to any size until late in the fall. They will withstand drouth the best of any root plant I ever raised.

They can be left out and dug as wanted; they must be harvested by early spring except what is desired for seed, as they

The corn root worm, remarks the Massachusetts *Ploughman*, is increasing with great rapidity, and promises at an early day to seriously interfere with the corn crop. The

Mrs. L. HARRISON says in the *Prairie Farmer*: "Apriarists differ as to what constitutes the best hive. Norices is



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# MICHIGAN FARMER

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DETROIT, TUESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1884.

### WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market last week were 42,350 bu. against 37,190 bu. the previous week, and 127,553 bu. for the corresponding week in 1883, and the shipments were 17,059 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 539,583 bu., against 533,585 last week, and 637,934 the corresponding week in 1883. The visible supply of this grain on Jan. 19 was 34,860,871 bu., against 35,005,675 the previous week, and 21,770,312 bu. at corresponding date in 1883. This shows a decrease from the amount in sight the previous week of 114,805 bu. The export clearances for Europe for week ending January 19 were 1,116,458 bu., against 624,433 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 5,066,903 bu. against 9,332,151 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1883.

While our local markets have been quiet and inactive during the week, the activity at Chicago, and the advance in values there, caused a like advance here. The receipts at this point are light for the season, and shipments equally so. Speculative trading is indulged only to a very limited extent, and most dealers are on the "bear" side of the market. The advance in prices of cash wheat up to Saturday was from 14¢ to 15¢ per bu. on the various grades, and the week closed with a better feeling in the trade than for some time. Yesterday the market was a little more active, but opened lower than on Saturday. Before the close of the day, however, prices regained their former position, and the market closed steady.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from January 2nd to January 28th:

No. 1 white.	No. 2 white.	No. 3 white.	No. 4 white.	No. 5 white.	No. 6 white.
Jan. 15.....	1.01 1/2	94	1.04 1/2	94	94
Jan. 16.....	1.02 1/2	94	1.05 1/2	94	94
Jan. 17.....	1.02 1/2	94	1.05 1/2	94	94
Jan. 18.....	1.02 1/2	94	1.05 1/2	94	94
Jan. 19.....	1.02 1/2	94	1.05 1/2	94	94
Jan. 20.....	1.02 1/2	94	1.05 1/2	94	94
Jan. 21.....	1.02 1/2	94	1.05 1/2	94	94
Jan. 22.....	1.02 1/2	94	1.05 1/2	94	94
Jan. 23.....	1.02 1/2	94	1.05 1/2	94	94
Jan. 24.....	1.02 1/2	94	1.05 1/2	94	94
Jan. 25.....	1.02 1/2	94	1.05 1/2	94	94
Jan. 26.....	1.02 1/2	94	1.05 1/2	94	94
Jan. 27.....	1.02 1/2	94	1.05 1/2	94	94
Jan. 28.....	1.02 1/2	94	1.05 1/2	94	94

Futures are nearly neglected, the sales from day to day being barely sufficient to establish values. The following table shows the closing prices of the various deals during the week:

	Feb.	March
Tuesday.....	1.03 1/2	1.04 1/2
Wednesday.....	1.03 1/2	1.04 1/2
Thursday.....	1.03 1/2	1.04 1/2
Friday.....	1.03 1/2	1.04 1/2
Saturday.....	1.03 1/2	1.04 1/2
Sunday.....	1.03 1/2	1.04 1/2

The following table gives the total amount of wheat in sight, including the visible supply in this country and Canada, and the amount on passage for Great Britain and the continent of Europe, as compared with last season:

	1884.	1883.
Wheat, bu.	35,005,675	35,005,675
On passage for United Kingdom.....	15,363,000	15,363,000
On passage for Continent of Europe.....	1,896,000	1,896,000
Total, January 5, 1884.....	52,264,675	52,264,675
Previous week.....	52,264,675	52,264,675
Total two weeks ago.....	52,264,675	52,264,675
Total, January 19, 1883.....	52,264,675	52,264,675

The feature of the week has been the tremendous effort of the "bulls" at Chicago to get possession of the market. On Friday the excitement was intense, and speculative dealings amounted to millions of bushels. The Tribune of that city gives the following description of the events of the day:

"The greatest animation, and at times wild excitement, characterized yesterday's heavy speculative trading in wheat. There were abundant outside orders, but the transactions were substantially on account of the local crowd, and the day witnessed one of the most hard-fought contests for supremacy the bulls and bears that has taken place for weeks. The former finally achieved the victory. At the opening some of the strongest bull leaders, Adams, Constock and Lester among them, stepped forward and started a general buying movement by very heavy purchases. Nearly every dealer in the crowd participated and lines of 250,000 gave the purchasers no prominence. Ira Holmes bought a million, nearly all in 50,000 lots. At 90 cents a selling movement began, which battered down prices to their opening figures, and which carried with it nearly every buyer, including those who had bought half an hour before. At 87 1/2 a buying movement equally fierce and general started again, and for the second time prices were forced to 90 1/2 cents, at about which figure they closed."

The following day, Saturday, there was a good demand for wheat in that market, but prices declined somewhat, and after considerable fluctuation closed about 1c. a bu. lower than on Friday. The "bulls" appear to be satisfied with the outlook, and propose to maintain their ascendancy. The upward movement in wheat also carried up corn and provisions.

The foreign markets do not show any signs of improvement, although the orders from abroad have been larger the past week than for some time.

The following table shows the prices ruling at Liverpool on Monday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

	Jan. 21.	Jan. 28.
Wheat, No. 1 white.....	8s. 7 d.	8s. 7 d.
do No. 2 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 3 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 4 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 5 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 6 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 7 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 8 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 9 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 10 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 11 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 12 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 13 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 14 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 15 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 16 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 17 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 18 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 19 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 20 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 21 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 22 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 23 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 24 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 25 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 26 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 27 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 28 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 29 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 30 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 31 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 32 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 33 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 34 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 35 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 36 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 37 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 38 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 39 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 40 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 41 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 42 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 43 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 44 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 45 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 46 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 47 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 48 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 49 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 50 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 51 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 52 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 53 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 54 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 55 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 56 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 57 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 58 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 59 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 60 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 61 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 62 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 63 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 64 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 65 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 66 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 67 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 68 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 69 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 70 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 71 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 72 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 73 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 74 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 75 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 76 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 77 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 78 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 79 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 80 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 81 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 82 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 83 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 84 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 85 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 86 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 87 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 88 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 89 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 90 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 91 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 92 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 93 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 94 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 95 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 96 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 97 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 98 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 99 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.
do No. 100 white.....	8s. 3 d.	8s. 3 d.

### CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 39,887 bu., and the shipments were 29,576 bu. The visible supply in the country on Jan. 19 amounted to 11,088,840 bu. against 10,029,656 bu. the previous week, and 9,757,797 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows an increase during the week of 1,659,184 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 625,583 bu., against 417,119 the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 4,448,082 bu., against 4,813,274 bu. for the corresponding period in 1883. The stocks now held in this city amount to 30,945 bu., against 21,874 bu. last week, and 32,555 bu. at the corresponding date in 1883. Two years ago the visible supply at this date amounted to 16,954,623 bu., or 5,805,783 bu. more than at present. Corn has ruled quiet in this market the past week, but prices have been well maintained and closed higher than a week ago. Spot No. 2 is quoted at 56¢ per bu., new mixed at 52¢, and new rejected at 49¢ per bu. Since August 1st the receipts at this point have been 1,072,287 bu., while for the same period last season they were only 273,481 bu. The outlook favors a strong market. At Chicago the week has been one of great excitement in the grain trade. The "bulls" went into the market determined to take possession of it despite the great efforts of the "bears" to retain control, and were successful in advancing prices of all kinds of grain and provisions. Corn shared in the advance, and both cash and futures are higher than a week ago. No. 2 corn is quoted there at 52¢ per bu.; for January delivery sales were made at 52¢, February at 52¢, March at 53¢, and May at 53¢. At Toledo corn is quoted steady at 54¢ per bu. for No. 2 spot, 54¢ for February, and 58¢ for May. The Liverpool market is quoted steady at 5s. 3 1/2d. per cental for new mixed, and 5s. 5 1/2d. for old do., a decline of 1d. (3c) per cental on old. The following statement shows the amount of corn in sight on January 12 as compared with last season:

	1884.	1883.
Visible supply in U. S. and Can.....	10,029,656	10,029,656
On passage for the United Kingdom.....	2,040,000	2,040,000
On passage for Con. of Europe.....	464,000	464,000
Total, January 12, 1884.....	12,533,656	12,533,656
Total previous week.....	12,533,656	12,533,656
Total two weeks ago.....	12,533,656	12,533,656
Total, Jan. 14, 1883.....	11,284,130	11,284,130

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 19,639 bu., and the shipments were nothing. The visible supply of this grain on Jan. 19 was 5,881,259 bu., against 4,419,635 bu. at the corresponding date in 1883. Stocks in this city Saturday amounted to 16,594 bu., against 13,781 bu. the previous week, and 9,603 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week of 10,301 bu. Quietness has been the rule in this grain the past week, but the market was steady, and closed at a higher range of values than a week ago. No. 2 white are quoted here at 39¢ per bu., and for May delivery at 41¢; No. 2 mixed are selling at 38¢ for spot. The Chicago market is also higher, and No. 2 mixed are quoted there at 38¢ per bu. For February delivery quotations are 32¢ per bu., for March 32¢, for April at 33¢, and May at 36¢. At Toledo oats are quoted steady at 38¢ per bu. for No. 2 mixed. The New York market is quoted steady and firm, and devoid of speculative trading. Quotations there are as follows: No. 3 mixed, 38¢; No. 2 mixed, 39¢; No. 1 mixed, 40¢; No. 2 white, 42¢; No. 1 white, 44¢; Western white, 42¢; State white, 44¢; 44¢.

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### DAIRY PRODUCTS.

There has been a slight improvement in the butter market the past week, and a fair article of fresh made is taken readily at 22¢ to 23¢ per lb. But common stock, such as repacked crocks and tubs, is a drug, and it is difficult to move such stock. Creamery is scarce and firm at 32¢ to 35¢ per lb., according to quality. Consumers are paying 26¢ to 30¢ per lb. for a fair to good article of butter, and it is difficult to furnish a sufficient supply to meet the demand for this class of butter. Butterine is selling at 16¢ to 17¢ per lb., and while manufacturers report that they are making and selling tons of the stuff "on its merits," there is not a retailer who will admit that he sells a single pound of it. It is high time some patriotic citizen took the trouble of having the law against the adulteration of food enforced. At Chicago the market is reported rather dull, with the demand confined to local wants and only good to choice stock inquired after. Quotations there are as follows: Fancy creamery, 36¢ to 37¢; fair to choice do, 25¢ to 35¢; choice dairy, 23¢ to 25¢; fair to good do, 18¢ to 20¢; common grades, 14¢ to 16¢; packing stock 10¢ to 10 1/2¢. The New York market is about the same as a week ago, with less buoyancy, and sellers hardly so firm. Quotations on State stock in that market are as follows: Fancy creamery, 37¢ to 38¢; choice do, 34¢ to 36¢; prime do, 32¢ to 33¢; fair to good do, 25¢ to 28¢; ordinary do, 20¢ to 22¢; best tubs and pails, 30¢ to 31¢; fine do, 28¢ to 29¢; good do, 26¢ to 27¢; and fair do, 18¢ to 20¢ per lb. Quotations on western stock are as follows:

	26	27
Western imitation creamery, choice.....	36	37
Western do, good to prime.....	32	33
Western do, ordinary to fair.....	28	29
Western dairy, best.....	31	32
Western dairy, good.....	29	30
Western dairy, ordinary.....	25	26
Western dairy, best-current make.....	19	20
Western dairy, fair to good.....	13	14
Western dairy, ordinary.....	9	10

The exports of butter from American ports for the week ending Jan. 9 were 224,044 lbs., against 577,481 lbs. the previous week, and 314,614 lbs. two weeks previous. The exports for the corresponding week in 1883 were 256,595 lbs. Cheese has ruled quiet and steady the past week, with values about the same as last reported. For full cream State brands quotations are 14¢ to 14 1/2¢ per lb., and second quality 13¢ to 13 1/2¢. Some skims are selling at 11¢ to 12¢ per lb. The Chicago market is quoted firm at an advance over the rates ruling a week ago. Stocks are light and holders are very confident. Quotations there are as follows: Full cream cheddars, 13¢ to 14¢; full cream flats, 12 1/2¢ to 13¢; flats slightly skimmed, 9¢ to 10¢; common to fair skims, 7¢ to 8¢; low grades, 3¢ to 4¢; Young America, 14¢ per lb. The New York market is steady at about the same rates as a week ago, with holders

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## Poetry.

## GIVE THEM NOW.

If I should lie before you, still and white,  
In death's unbroken sleep,  
Sweet kisses that I crave?  
Would you not shower upon my poor dead face  
Sweet kisses that I crave?  
Give without stint fond words and warm embrace  
To take into my grave?

Oh, give them ere I pass beyond the reach  
Of loving smile and word!  
For it may be your gift of kindly speech  
Will be too long deferred;  
One little act, though trivial it may seem—  
Tendered for love's sweet sake—  
Would bring my troubled life one golden gleam,  
And soothe its weary ache.

One tender smile—such as you used to give  
In other, happier days  
(When, darling, it was oh, so sweet to live!)  
Would light earth's darkest ways.  
One heart-felt kiss—that I have missed so long—  
With its glad, old-time thrill;  
One only one—I think would make me strong  
To bear all earthly ills.

The path appointed for a woman's feet;  
At best is hard and rough;  
To know that we are loved is passing sweet;  
But oh! 'tis not enough!  
My heart would fain with the meagre dole  
That you so oft bestow;  
I know you love me, dear, with heart and soul,  
But, darling, tell me so!

Am I less dear than when you loved me first?  
Less worthy of your praise?  
My craving heart is hungry and athirst  
For love's endearing ways.  
O, give them ere I pass beyond the reach  
Of loving smile and word!  
For it may be your gift of kindly speech  
Will be too long deferred.

—L. A. Paul.

## THE PARADOX OF TIME.

Time goes, you say? Ah, no!  
Time stays, you go;  
Or else, were this not so,  
What need to chain the hours,  
For youth were always ours?

Time goes, you say?—ah no!  
Ours is the eyes' deceit  
Of men whose flying feet  
Lead through some landscape low;  
We pass, and think we see  
The earth's fixed sun and sea—  
Alas, Time stays—we go!

Once in the days of old,  
Your locks were curling gold,  
And mine had shamed the crow,  
Now, in the self-same stage,  
We've reached the silver age;  
Time goes, you say?—ah no!

Once, when my voice was strong,  
I filled the woods with song  
To praise your "rose" and "snow";  
My bird, that sang, is dead;  
Where are your roses fled?  
Alas, Time stays—we go!

See, in what traversed ways,  
What backward Fate delays  
The hopes we used to know;  
Where are our old desires?  
Ah, where those vanished faces  
Time goes, you say?—ah no!

How far, how far, O sweet,  
The path behind our feet  
Lies in the even glow!  
Now, on the forward way,  
Let us fold hands, and pray;  
Alas, Time stays—we go!

—Austin Dobson.

## Miscellaneous.

## YIK KEE.

BY PATIENCE THORNTON.

After father died, some ten years ago, I found that for three years we had been living on credit, I was eighteen, strong and well, but did not know how to work. In the little back room of the New York tenement house (by the way, the landlady seized my clothes for our rent) I considered my future. I had inherited a great faith in relatives from my father, so I wrote to seven. I received six polite notes, telling me to go to work, and the following letter:

JONESBORO, Col. Jackson's Ranch.—Dear Nell: I'm your cousin Jack. Your father once gave me money to come west. I've took up and got a comfortable home, no style or frills, but good folks to live with and healthy grub. I've got the best wife you ever see and seven youngsters. The city ain't no place for a friendless girl. Wife wants you to come. She'll be a mother to you. Come right off. I'll meet you at Denver.

Inclosed was a check sufficient to defray expenses; so I started. Denver was then only a large town, and the depot a barn-like structure. I got out of the cars and stood bewildered among all the emigrants and their bundles. Some one touched me on the shoulder—a roughly dressed, broad shouldered man, with long blonde beard and big blue eyes.

"Are you Nell?" he said.  
"Yes; and you're cousin Jack."  
"I knew you," he said, as he led the way, "by your black clothes or sorrowful look, an' them big, blue eyes, like yer father's as two peas. We'll get the shadder out'er 'em when we git home. Yer father was a mighty good man. Bless yer dear heart, don't let them tears come. This 'ere's a dry country; we don't waste water."

Comforting me in his kind, rough way, he reached his team, a big, green wagon, drawn by two wild looking steeds, which I afterward knew to be bronchos. A fat, blonde boy, about twelve held the reins. "That's Ted," said cousin Jack. "Ted, that's Miss Nell, your cousin; give her a hug." The fat boy solemnly obeyed.

After this he seemed to have a special claim on my affections because he met me first. Jack's wife was a jolly, plump woman, with brown eyes and curly hair. She always had a baby in her arms and another at her heels. She adored Jack. I never knew them to have a quarrel. I soon grew to love the life at the ranch. I liked the big, half-finished house, its untidiness and comfort; its pleasant, healthy atmosphere. I loved the children, the household pets; the sagacious dog; the horses, the clever cat; the hens and sheep; the horses, Dolly, Dot, and Daisy, that did the plowing and the marketing at Denver, twelve miles away, and were so gentle and kind we used to ride them without saddle or bridle. I learned that cattle grew fat on the dry looking grass, and gave the best of

milk. I learned to love the broad plains and the glorious sunsets, and to watch the distant bands of Indians with half fear, half interest. I helped cousin Mary, sewed, cooked, kept the house and children neat, and lifted many burdens from her weary shoulders. We were so happy. The children and I took long walks over the plains, and Ted and I took many rides on Dolly and Dot, and in the long winter evening I told the children stories. Occasionally Harry White came over to visit us from his rancho, twelve miles away. He lived with his old mother; he and Jack were dear friends. Harry needed a wife, Jack used to say, winking at me.

One day Jack went to Denver for supplies. He went alone, and coming home later than usual, Ted and I and baby Mame went out to meet him. Jack looked sober and guilty, and seemed ill at ease. If he ever drank, I should have thought him intoxicated. In the wagon was a queer shaped heap under a horse blanket. I was sure it moved. When we got behind the barn Jack said, sheepishly, avoiding my eye:

"Well, Ted, I calkerlate I've got 'suthin' in that waggin that'll astonish yer marm."  
Little Mame pulled the blanket off the heap; she had been peeping under it all the while she was in the back of the wagon. There lay a human being. Such an object; short and squat, dressed in a queer blue blouse with flowing sleeves, wide trousers, and queer wooden shoes. He had small black eyes, a shaven poll, from which depended a long, thin cue. His countenance was battered and bruised, his clothes torn and bloody.

"There was a row down to Denver," said Jack; "the Christian folk stole in 'ere heathen's winders, tore their houses down, an' killed half on 'em. I cleared out as soon as I could. When I got half way home I heard a noise back o' me, and I crawled this thing. I was so dumbfounded I couldn't speak. He thought I was going ter send him back, an' he fell ter cryin' an' jabberin' in that yip of his, an' clingin' onter my han' an' kissin' of it. It sorter turned my stomach. I told him ter set down, give him some crackers to eat, covered him up an' told him he could live with me. What do you s'pose marm'll say?"

"Oh! Cousin Jack," I said, "of course she will not care. Your home is a refuge for all the wretched and unfortunate."  
"Now, don't, Nell," he said, turning as red as a rose, and busying himself about the harness. The Celestial looked at us solemnly; Mame toddled up to him. He looked at her curiously, but did not move.

"Get out, John," said Jack, "you needn't be scared any more; we're at home."  
He got out stiffly, and to my surprise, turned and lifted the baby down. She took his pig-tail and pulled it in wild delight. He seemed grieved when I took her away. When Jack told Mary, the good soul found a thousand reasons why he should stay, and hurried to make him a bed in the attic. The Celestial did not say much, but when Jack called him "John" he smiled a sad smile.

"Melican man calle John. Hump. Yik Kee."  
So with due consideration for his feelings we addressed him as Yik Kee. He was of great use. He helped take care of the children, did the washing (Mary did not fancy his method of sprinkling clothes), and helped Jack on the farm. We made him one of the family. He was always pleasant and smiling, but was a man of few words.

Cousin Jack added much to his income by trading in hides. Ranchmen living at a distance sold their hides to him and Jack sold them to traders, who came round at certain times in the year. Harry White was a partner in the business. He used to go on a sort of round-up and visit the ranches all over the country. The cattle of the ranchmen roamed in vast herds over the plains, protected only by the brand of the owner. Cattle stealing was frequently practiced. Offenders in this respect were shown no mercy. They were convicted, tried, and executed only in the court of Judge Lynch. I never blamed the ranchmen for this; it was impossible to guard the herds in the vast area over which they traversed, and the cattle must be protected in some way. Gil Mead was a wealthy ranchman, who lived about ten miles from us. He owned the largest herd of cattle on the plains. They were branded with the vowels of his name, E. A., which could be recognized anywhere. He always shipped his cattle East to his brother in Chicago. I feared the man. He was tall and gaunt, with deep-set black eyes and low forehead. His home was unhappy, his wife cross and ugly, and his children wild and unruly. This made him more than commonly disagreeable.

I think it was in the fall of '74 that Harry White brought the big load of hides to Jack. Both were much pleased at the bargain they made. Harry gave glowing accounts of a new customer—a ranchman from Chicago, who had taken up an abandoned homestead. He had purchased many cattle from his cousin, Gil Mead, and hoped to rival him in the number and quality of his herd. Jack packed the hides away to keep till December, when he expected the dealer.

One afternoon, not long after this, Gil Mead rode up to the house looking very agreeable and pleasant. A couple of strangers, also ranchmen, were with him. They wanted to look at the hides, one of them being a trader, Gil said. Jack was in Denver, so Yik Kee and I went to the barn with them. They looked the hides over carefully, and conversed in low tones, Gil with a suppressed oath. Finally they thanked us courteously, and took their leave.

"Hump; no goodie," said Yik Kee, but he wouldn't say more.

About five that evening, when we were at supper, a crowd of twenty-five or thirty men rode up on horseback. Jack came out and met them, inviting them in to take supper, in his generous, hospitable way. They wanted him to go to Denver with them; there was to be a meeting of importance to ranchmen. The meeting would be at 8. They had brought with them an extra horse for Jack. Mary looked around for Yik Kee to help her,

but he had mysteriously disappeared. I faintly remembered seeing his white, horrified face peering around the barn at the horses. I noted the visitors at little—the food seemed to choke them. Some of them watched Mary and the baby in a queer sort of way. When Jack, as was his custom, kissed his wife and babies good-by, one of the visitors, an oldish man, coughed huskily, and said: "Blest if I kin stan' this." They all rode off, Jack the merriest of all, waving his hat till he was out of sight.

When we were clearing up the unusual quantity of dishes Yik Kee appeared at the end window and beckoned me. I followed him out. Ted was with him. Behind the barn were the three horses saddled. Shep was with them, released from confinement, where he had been secured from following his master.

"Foller 'em," said Ted, in an excited whisper. "Yik's afraid they're up to something."  
"What is it, Yik?" I said sternly. "No fooling, now."

For answer he twisted his long pigtail around his neck, tying it under his left ear in a significant manner.

"Hump, he heegee; stealin' cow."  
"Oh, Mary," I sobbed, remembering Gil Mead's visit and his strange actions, and dimly seeing what Yik Kee meant, "I must tell Mary," I said wildly.

"Hump, no," said Yik Kee. "Yellee sick," and he closed his eyes in a drowsy sort of manner. "Go now—too late."

We mounted.  
"Mother'll think we're gone to ride," said Ted, as we galloped over the plains. He was deathly pale, poor little fellow, but he sat erect and firm. I saw his father's big Colt's revolver sticking out of his pocket. He was a determined boy. Even in my despair, in my wild hope that I could save Jack by begging on my knees, that I could cling to him, and that they would have to kill me first, I could not help a smile at the comical figure Yik Kee presented on horseback. His loose garments flapped in the wind, his long pigtail flew out behind, and bobbed up and down like a kernel of corn in a corn-popper.

It was a soft, warm night, lighted only by the pale young moon and the twinkling stars. We rode as fast as our horses could gallop. Shep was close at our heels. "Way ahead, when we reached the top of a little hill, we saw the crowd of horsemen. They were riding toward Denver. We galloped on with renewed zeal. They turned into a cross road leading to Mead's ranch. On this road was a bridge over Dry Gulch, which was in the spring a roaring torrent. Beyond the bridge, across the fields, was the haystack of Mead's, where was stowed sufficient to feed his domestic cattle through the winter. We at last reached the turn of the road. They were three miles in advance, riding rapidly. Yik Kee stopped at the turn. "Humph! Can't catchee. Hangee at bridge. You goee!" He turned his horse and sped across the field, deserting us basely.

We rode on, Ted and I. He was pale and still; my cheeks were burning. We neared the bridge. The high mound of earth before us hid them from sight. We stopped our horses and listened. The men had lighted torches, some were preparing a rough gallows under the bridge; two were unclogging a rope; some held the horses of the others beyond the bridge. The men were masked now, and I could see by the lighted torches that the number was increased. Jack was very white and sad, but he showed no fear.

"I am innocent, gentleman," he said slowly, "but I refuse to tell you of whom I bought the hides."  
I understood him. Could Harry White be a cattle thief? I felt as if I were growing mad.

"What shall we do?" whispered Ted, cocking his revolver.  
Suddenly a bright red light illuminated the heavens, followed by clouds of black smoke and a queer, crackling noise. A yell from the men, Gil Mead's voice above the rest. The haystack was on fire. It seemed to me in the glare around it that I could see a foreign-looking human vanishing across the plain.

The men mounted their horses, Gil Mead at the head, and set off across the fields at a mad gallop. They must save the stock. They left Jack bound hand and foot and guarded by one man.

Shep, the wonderful dog, had kept by us until now, sinking in the dark shadows. Now, gliding sidewise and still, he reached the man on guard, whose back was to us, and with no warning growl caught him by the throat with strong white teeth that could choke a coyote in a second. The man, who was in a sitting posture, fell back with a groan. Ted struck him over the head with the butt of the revolver, and pulled off the dog. I cut Jack's bonds with a knife. He looked at us wonderingly, and staggered to his feet.

"Never mind how we came, Jack," I said. "Quick, mount the horse beyond the bridge, and ride to Denver for your life. They will not harm a woman and child."

"Harry White," he muttered, the loyal soul that even then could think of another's danger.

"I will tell him."  
"No, no; not of this—only say, if he stole the cattle to fly the country. They will find out sooner or later."

He galloped down the road. Ted and I mounted, calling off Shep, who sat on his haunches watching the unconscious man, and then we, too, sped down the road. The haystack was giving out great volumes of black smoke, but the fire was dead.

Ahead of us was a riderless horse, Dolly, who greeted her master with a jolly whinny. Where was Yik Kee? Then Dot, my horse, shied from the road at a recumbent black figure. It was the indomitable Yik Kee, who had crawled all the way from the stack on his stomach, so that he could not be seen, after lying in the ditch until the blaze had faded out. "Humph! no catchee Chinese; hee hee," he said laconically, rubbing his stomach.

He mounted Dolly, and we rode on to White's ranch. Harry rushed out at the sound of horses' feet, at midnight. There, under the twinkling stars, I looked into his eyes, and told him the whole story.

He showed no guilt, but only said we must stay the night at his ranch. For the men would come back to Jack's for him, and then mounting his fleet colt rode off down the road. I comforted his mother as best I could. At daybreak we rode home.

Mary was in a wild state of alarm. Where had we been? Where was Jack? and how cruel we were to leave her alone. She said that at one o'clock three masked men had come to the house and searched it and the premises, but had not molested her or the children, only asking where Jack was very sternly and sharply.

At noon Jack, Harry, the Sheriff, and a party of armed men from Denver rode up, stopping only a moment to tell me that they would be back at night. I dared not tell Mary, and she worried all the afternoon at their strange conduct. At night Jack and Harry came home, looking tired but happy. Then Jack told Mary, and she cried and clung to him as though she could never let him go.

It seemed the pleasing ranchman from Chicago was one of a band of cattle thieves. He sold the hides to Harry, who, honest and open himself, was slow to suspect wrong dealings in others. The Sheriff had caught the men skinning a cow that belonged to Mead and had captured the gang and taken them to Denver.

The men concerned in the attempt to lynch Jack were sincerely sorry. Their regrets would not have availed much, however, if they had succeeded in their purpose. They gave each of the children ten acres of land; gave Ted sixty-five, and me, whom they were pleased to consider very plucky, 150 acres. I felt rich enough, and time has made it very valuable land. The man on guard was our warmest admirer. He thought Ted, Shep, and I were of courage. He said when I came down on the bridge with the open knife, he thought his hour had come.

Gil Mead committed suicide not long after this. He was always queer. No one ever knew that Yik Kee set the stack afire. I tell you Jack rewarded the faithful fellow—gave him a good farm, taught him to work it, and built him a house. The funniest thing was Yik Kee had a wife and three queer little children in China, and Jack sent for them, and Yik Kee and his family are as happy as they can be. The children play with Jack's (he has twelve now), and get along finely together.

In 1875 I married Harry White, which I suppose, was foreseen from the beginning—at least Jack says anybody could have seen it. The most serene and satisfied face at the wedding was the Celestial's. In my inner consciousness, notwithstanding he is a "heathen Chinese," I have the conviction that as great a hero as is seen in modern times is the man of few words—Yik Kee.—Our Continent.

## Rosa Bonheur.

Rosa Bonheur is now in her sixty-second year, and still continues, when health permits, to give her services, as she has done for years, gratuitously to the School of Design for Girls, but it is her sister that practically conducts that school now. Mlle. Rosalie Bonheur, whom her schoolmates baptized "Rosa" for shortness, is rich, as she could ever name her own price for her paintings, and the purchasers, almost wholly English and American, bespeak them years in advance, as they did Delacroix's. Her life was a hard struggle in its youth-time. A native of Bordeaux, she came to Paris with her father when nine years of age, but he had to send her and her two brothers and sister to a boarding school in order to leave him free to gain a livelihood as an artist designer.

A fellow student of Rosa's once told me that Rosa was one of the "jolliest girls in the school," was unequalled in romps and ready wit; that she had the habit of squatting in a corner and designing her classmates with a rapidity and surety of touch that Cham only could match. It was this precocious talent for designing that decided her father to bring her home and educate her himself. She became not only his favorite pupil, but also his housekeeper. But what energy she had in her teens! She went alone, during several years, to cattle markets and central slaughter houses, to study groups of animals. In order to avoid the curiosity of drovers, butchers and the peculiar ferreters of the above places, she adopted masculine toilet, and in later years forgot to reappear in her old clothes. This motive was comprehensible; not a vagary or eccentricity, as in the case of George Sand.

Rosa was eighteen years of age when she exhibited her first picture at the Salon of 1840. These are two small paintings—rabbits nibbling carrots and turnips. Her sister, Madame Peyrol, is the possessor of the pictures, and treasures them as an heirloom. Rosa's second grief was the death of her teacher and father in 1849. Love for him and for art closed her heart for any third affection, save that of her family. When dying he begged Rosa to bring him the last picture she had completed—*Labourage Nivernais*. She did so, sobbingly, to his bedside. He took her two hands in his and endeavoring to smile, expired.

In 1853 appeared her celebrated "Horse Fair," and in 1855 "Haymaking in Auvergne," and in the Luxembourg Museum. It was the Empress Eugenie that not only insisted on Rosa being decorated with the Legion of Honor—rarely conferred on the fair sex—but, having succeeded, pinned the red ribbon herself on the artist's breast.—Savannah News.

For three years Mr. R. C. Wright, of Gaston, N. C., has been an intense sufferer from Rheumatism. His friend, J. A. Warwick, of Petersburg, Va., writes: "Before the first bottle of ANTI-RHUMATISM was finished he was able to walk, and now goes about all over his farm." In this case, which the friends of Mr. Wright regarded as desperate, a test was made of ANTI-RHUMATISM. It surprised friends and patient by its prompt and thorough action on the blood and diseased parts, and won the emphatic opinion that it was truly a specific for Rheumatism.

"There have been many remedies put before the public for coughs and colds, but we know of none that has given more thorough satisfaction than Adamson's Cough Balsam."—Portland Press.

## Taking Cold.

Hall's Journal of Health says that the most frequent cause of colds is wet feet, or feet that remain for a long time damp and chilled from wearing too thin stockings and shoes. It is probable that half of the diseases peculiar to women are induced in that way. It is not the wetting of the feet that gives cold, but the gradual evaporation of the moisture, which carries off the natural warmth of the body, thus causing the blood to be chilled. The effect of chill is to close the pores of the skin, so that the waste particles or matter cannot escape from the body in this direction, but are thrown back and thus poison the blood.

When it is not possible to take off the shoes and stockings, and dry and warm the feet promptly after getting them wet, it is better to let them remain wet until we can attend to them properly. To dry them in the sun or before a fire, without taking off shoes and stockings and substituting dry ones, is extremely hazardous. There is but little danger of taking cold after wetting the feet if we walk rapidly enough to keep up the natural temperature of the body, and keep on walking until we reach some place where we can take off shoes and stockings and thoroughly dry them or change them for dry ones. A cold is less likely to result from a thorough drenching of the whole body than from wetting the feet alone.

People seldom take cold when they are exposed to sudden lowering of the temperature of the air while they are out of doors; they may have their hands and feet frost-bitten, and become almost unconscious from freezing, and yet escape the dangers of an ordinary cold.

A cold in the head may frequently be cut short if treated at once, by snuffing up the nose the fumes of spirits of camphor, ammonia or bay rum. This remedy must be applied every few minutes to be effective. In the meantime the patient should remain in a warm room, and avoid draughts of air. If the cold is not cured in twenty-four hours, it will continue ten or twelve days in spite of treatment, or if neglected its effects may last a lifetime. Colds result in serious and fatal diseases only when neglected.

## The Albatross.

Albatrosses are generally seen more abundant in the wake of ships when the wind is ahead. This may be caused by the slow rate at which the vessel is progressing; but the most likely explanation is that the wings of this bird are so shaped and placed that they act more like sails than wings, and are calculated to sail "close to the wind." Added to the port and starboard tacks that the bird can make as well as the ship it is in company with, the albatross has the power to tack obliquely upward and downward in the air, which allows a double zig-zag progression. It appears very seldom on the coasts of our State; only four instances are shown by reliable authors, and only two specimens were known to build nests and breed in Louisiana. The eggs are of a beautifully clear white, with conspicuous silvery reflections, of a convex form, and about as large as those of the ostrich.

They are usually three, and the nest is built with calcareous marine productions, chiefly corals; and, as coral reefs are nowhere else found but on the eastern coast of oceans, neither on the Pacific nor the west coast of Africa, it is certain that they will not breed in these regions. The nest is of the size and shape of the largest clothes-basket, and kept close or secret by being entirely submerged in seawater between impenetrable reefs or hardened marine heaps secreted by polyps. The nest on the outer side becomes often covered with a thick salt crust, which the sharpest knife cannot remove. The bottom of the nest is filled up with large white feathers and bosom down from some unknown sea-bird—perhaps from the East India Archipelago—and is laid, as in a bed, with pillows and quilts of soft white feathers and down. The opening of the nest is provided with an elastic trap, constructed of some glutinous marine matter, to open or close suddenly when heavy ocean storms occur, or other dangers approach. The albatross follows vessels and are sure to appear soon after dinner time, to pick up the scraps thrown overboard. Their flight is very rapid and graceful, performed apparently without effort, while their very narrow and extremely long wings give them a peculiar appearance. They often alight and rest on the water in mid-ocean, but easily overtake steamers going twelve miles an hour.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Do Birds Think.

"Do birds think?" Let me tell you of a little bird I once owned. The little bird was a female mockingbird who had a nest of young ones a week old. The baby birds were never healthy, inheriting weakness from their father, who had asthma. Early one morning I was awakened by the mother bird standing on my pillow pouring in my ear the most mournful notes I ever heard. I knew something was wrong and arose at once. The mother flew to her nest, then looked to see if I was following, which I was. As soon as I had reached the nest she took hold of one of the baby birds' wings, pinched it gently with her beak and watched it eagerly. I think, to see if it moved. Then she took hold of one of the little feet and pinched it in the same manner, and finding it did not move, she looked up at me in a pleading way, as if she wanted me to try to waken them. I reached my hand out toward the nest. She stood aside and looked on with as much interest and feeling apparently as any young human mother. I examined the lifeless little bodies, and when I withdrew my hand the mother hastened to hover over the little ones, seeming to think that if she could warm them they would awaken. In a few moments she hopped off the nest, looked at her babies, held food close to their mouths and coaxed and called them, but in vain. She flew all around the room, as if in search for some untold remedy. Several times she perched on my shoulder and looked so distressed and pitiful I could scarcely keep from crying. I put her in a cage and hung her in the sunshine to see if she would become quiet. She took a bath, but still remained

nervous and seemed anxious, and by and by grew so restless I had to take her out of the cage and let her go to her nest again. She stood quiet a while, looking at her dead children. Then she went over all the little bodies, pinching them gently and watching them closely to see if they moved. When she saw no signs of life she seemed puzzled. She seemed at last to make up her mind that the little ones were dead, and one by one she lifted them tenderly in her beak and laid them side by side in the middle of the room. She looked at them lovingly a moment, then flew to her empty nest and gazed wonderingly into that. Finally she perched on my shoulder and looked into my eyes, as if to ask, "What does all this mean?" What a lesson of love and devotion that little bird taught. She always fed the little ones before taking a mouthful herself, and sometimes she would stand coaxing them to take one more mouthful, and finding they had enough, would swallow it herself.—Chicago Times.

## London Milk.

The President of the London Society of Public Analysis makes the astonishing statement that \$7,500,000 is paid every year by English consumers for water sold as milk—a sum nearly equal to the product of an additional penny on the income tax. His experience as a public analyst has convinced him that milk adulteration is the most lucrative business in London, and that the public is practically unprotected under existing laws. He advocates increased penalties on third and subsequent convictions, a systematic collection of samples, the fixing of a definite standard of quality, and the abolition of any system whereby dealers may be judged on the evidence of decomposed milk. London is evidently far behind either Paris or New York in practical measures for the prevention of food adulteration, the inspectors collecting samples not oftener than once a month, and imposing such light fines that dishonest dealers can afford to pay them many times over and then go on watering milk with impunity until the next inspection. If the consumers were only certain that the milk would be mixed with good water, the evil would not be so serious. The water in many quarters of London and the outlying dairy district is frequently unfit for drinking, and when added to the milk must have a distinct effect upon public health, especially in promoting disease among the infant population.

## Diamond Cut Diamond.

A rustic-looking man sat in the smoking-car of the Omaha train last Thursday night, when another rural looking person came in.

"Is this seat taken?" asked the newcomer.

"No, sir; sit right down, sit right down," said the other, making room next him.

Soon the two old farmers were in conversation.

"Where are you from?"

"I live near Buda. Where do you hail from?"

"I'm a pretty near neighbor of yours; I live near Kewanee."

"Farming?"

"Yes. Are you?"

"Yes; farming and stock."

"Been to town with stock?"

"Yes; brought up a hundred head of steers."

"I brought hogs."

And so the conversation ran on until just before the train reached Mendota, and the two old farmers were right well acquainted. Presently another man who looked like a merchant came in and was surprised to see one of the old farmers.

"Well, well," said the new man, "I'm glad to see you; maybe you can help me out of a little embarrassing trouble. I want to pay a man a little bill on the train before I get off at Mendota and I haven't money enough. If you will let me have \$100 on my check I'll be very much obliged."

"Certainly, I'm glad to do it," and out came the farmer's pocketbook. But alas! he had only \$40 in small bills and a beautiful, crisp \$500 bill.

"You're perfectly welcome to the \$40 if that'll help you out, or to the \$500 if you can get it broke."

"Perhaps your friend can help us out; the \$40 will hardly answer," said the merchant, and then he apologized for making so much trouble.

"Well," softly said the other farmer, who until now had been silently looking on, "I can give you another \$500 bill, but I can't give you any more for a while, and I think it came out of the same batch, and was printed on the same press."

And turning to the other old farmer he added: "If your partner hadn't come just as he did mine would have been here in a minute. I've been getting ready to work you on that same game ever since we left Chicago."

At Mendota four very much disgusted confidence men stepped off the train, and stood around in the cold waiting for a train returning to Chicago.

MAN, born of woman, is of few days and no teeth. And, indeed, it would be money in his pocket sometimes if he had less of either. As for his days, he wasteth one-third of them, and as for his teeth, he has convulsions when he cuts them, and as the last one comes through, lo! the dentist is twisting the first one out, and the last end of that man's jaw is worse than the first, being full of porcelain and a roof-plate built to hold blackberry seeds.

Why use a gritty, muddy, disagreeable article when Hood's Sarsaparilla, so pure, so clear, so delightful, can be obtained. 100 doses \$1.

"The stage waits for you, miss," exclaimed a manager at a rehearsal to a newly fledged society actress. "That is impossible, sir," replied Miss Beauty, "I always ride in a coupe."

From Rev. E. S. Ufford, pastor Baptist Church, EAST AUBURN, ME.

"Adamson's Botanic Balsam is truly a specific. My lungs and throat were in an inflamed and almost congested condition, from which I have been cured by the use of Adamson's Balsam."

## Parts of Two Stories.

Some eighty years ago there lived in a small log house at Peltona Point, in Pittsfield, Mass., a man by the name of Imman. My grandfather, when I was a small boy, showed me the site of the old house and told me the following story as true: Imman was too lazy to hunt much, but would hang around all day for a drink of rum and tell bear stories. At this time bears were quite plenty in this region and often troubled our sheep and corn. One fall a nervous, quick stranger came to Colonel L



## DEACON TIDD EXPLAINS HIS CONDUCT IN THE HORSE TRADE.

He seemed innocent, childlike, confiding. That youth who swayed horses with me. But I was of such mild manners hiding Deacon Tidd's right to see.

And a horse trade's a horse trade. Each party is always supposed to intend. To be crooked, I therefore was hearty In trying to keep up my end.

And he lied like the mischief, I knew it. About his brown five-year-old mare. Why, I wonder, sir, how he could do it With such a frank, innocent air?

For my own part I make no pretension That that told him was true; What's more, I neglect to mention Some one who had heard that I knew.

But a horse trade's a horse trade, remember, As it is supposed to be cold. As the oldest we get in December, For him who turns out to be sold.

Well, we traded, and would you believe me, I found out by driving that mare. That the youth didn't try to deceive me, But told the thing honest and square.

I had heard him like blazes! Howbeit My conscience is clear, understand; If I had you got to agree it Is just what our customs demand.

But I've pondered a lot for a week on The matter. I'm anxious to see Just what particular sort of a deacon That youth has discovered in me.

—Boston Post.

## An Untamed Cowboy Orders Rattlesnakes on Toast and Is Served.

A typical cowboy, fresh from his herd, went in Elitch's chop house last night. The tables were all filled with the exception of one, at which the terror of the plains seated himself. As he pulled off his hat and untied the red bandana handkerchief from around his throat he looked disdainfully around.

The nimble waiter brushed an imaginary bread crumb from the cloth, whisked a bill of fare from the castor and placed it before the festive and untamed youth.

"Take it away," he snarled. "I can't eat that. I want rattlesnake on toast!"

"Rattlesnake on toast!" yelled the waiter.

"Rattlesnake on toast!" responded the cook.

There was a slight flutter among the guests at this strange order, and the cowboy was scanned by many curious eyes.

He looked a little disconcerted at having his order so promptly taken, and glanced furtively toward the front of the house.

He saw the cooks and waiters engaged in filling orders, and looking as solemn as graveyards after midnight.

He assumed a solemn air and picked his teeth with his fork.

A cook deftly removed the skin from a pickered, and, cutting a strip the proper shape, placed it in a spider.

The waiter who had taken the order came tripping back to the bold buccaner of the pampas.

"Will you have your snake well done or rare?"

"Rare, with oodles of milk gravy on it."

"Gimme that snake rare—milk gravy on the side," was hallowed at the cook.

"Snake rare; milk gravy—side," cook shouted back.

"Say! said the bovine stealer, as the waiter passed him, 'I'll take it well done.'"

"Make it well done," was answered.

The larriest waiter began to grow nervous. The devil may care expression had left his eyes, and a soft, subdued, melan choly shade had taken its place. He fled to his chair, and seemed to be nerv ing himself for an ordeal.

"Here you are, sir," said the culinary Ganyemed, placing a dish in which was something nicely coiled, which looked like a fried specimen of the genus cotrus.

"Have a little Worcester sauce? Gives a very fine flavor. Some folks like mushrooms with their snakes, others prefer Chili colorado. A little salad dressing would go bad. There's vinegar and olive oil in the castor. Will you have tea or coffee? Very fine snake; caught yesterday. Fat and tender."

When the waiter was delivering himself of this eulogy on the meal, the steer puncher shoved his chair back. His eyes bulged out, and he became pale around the gills.

"I don't think I'll eat anything. I ain't hungry," he said, as he rose to his feet and reached for his hat.

"Maybe you'd prefer briled moccasin," insinuatingly suggested the waiter.

"No," he replied, as the ash en pallor deepened on his face. "I ain't a bit hungry." He cast another glance at the dish he had ordered, and made a break for the door. He forgot to pay at the counter.—Cheyenne Sun.

## Three Good Anecdotes.

In the Chicago Tribune we find the following:

When Senator Beck visited his old home in Scotland in 1875, while strolling through the fields he met an old schoolmate. "You don't remember me, Don-ald?" he said to him. "No," said Don-ald, "I don't know your face. But I caught a six pound salmon in the Frith to-day, and whenever I have done that before something has happened. I don't know you by sight, but you're either John McPherson, who left us thirty years ago, or you're Jim Beck. Now, which is it?"

"Sure enough," cried the Senator, "it's Jim Beck." "Well Jimmie, they tell me that the Americans are going to elect you to the House of Peers. Is it so?"

Come along home then, and we'll eat the fish. An American Lord is good enough for a Scotch salmon."

The death of Judge Hood at Madison, Wis., not long since, leads a correspondent of the Indianapolis Journal to say:

Judge Hood was a resident of Somerset, Ohio. General Sheridan's father, at the time of the incident I relate, was then living on a small place just out of the town limits. He kept a few cows and supplied their milk to residents in the town. Judge Hood, at that time a prominent lawyer in that part of Ohio, was one of "Old Mike" Sheridan's customers and "Little Phil" delivered the daily supply to Hood. Con gressman Richey at that time represented the district and had an appointment to West Point at his disposal. Richey was solicited by a numerous part of his constituency for the appointment for various

sons and, in a period of worryment, he appealed to his friend Hood to name some bright fellow for the place.

Hood settled the matter at once by saying: "Appoint 'Little Phil' Sheridan."

"Who is he?" asked Richey. "Why, he's 'Old Mike' Sheridan's boy, who brings my milk, and smart as a whip."

And Congressman Richey appointed him.

According to a Boston letter in the New York Graphic General Butler is not always the victor at repartee:

"The late Henry F. Durant was at one time a student in Butler's office, and so became well acquainted with him and his convivial habits, which were at that time rather pronounced. Afterwards he set up in law for himself, and while still young was opposed to his former employer in a rather ticklish case.

Mr. Butler had very little law on his side and depended greatly on the inexperience and supposed awe of his opponent for his own success. His first question was:

"This is Mr. Durant, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Henry F. Durant?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Smith also, I believe?" (Mr. Smith had his name changed by law to Durant.)

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so. I think you are the two men whom I once knew."

Having by such means worked up Mr. Durant to a point of almost apoplexy, his opponent said, in a rather confidential, patronizing way:

"I think I have heard it stated, Mr. Durant, that you always prepare your speeches before the glass."

Like a flash the answer came:

"Better than that after one, like your self, Mr. Butler."

## What Can Be Done.

Tennyson can take a worthless sheet of paper and by writing a poem on it make it worth \$65,000. That's genius, says the Press.

Vanderbilt can write a few words on a sheet of paper and make it worth \$5,000,000. That's capital, says the Independent.

The United States can take an ounce and a quarter of gold and stamp upon it an "eagle bird" and make it \$20. That's money, says the Picayune.

The mechanic can take the material worth \$5 and make it into a watch worth \$100. That's skill, says the World.

The merchant can take an article worth 25 cents and sell it for \$1. That's business, says the Merchant Traveler.

A lady can purchase a very comfortable bonnet for \$10, but she prefers to pay \$100. That's foolishness, says the Fashion Bazar.

The ditch-digger works ten hours a day and shovels out three or four tons of earth for \$2. That's labor, says Many Opinions.

A railroad conductor gets \$1,200 a year salary from his company and lays away \$2,500. That's economy, says the News.

THE Army and Navy Journal tells of a mild but zealous disciplinarian who was briskly passing a sentinel on his way to his official residence, when he turned up on the stalwart guardian and demanded to know the reason why he had not challenged him. In vain the sentry declared that he knew him by the name — he was emphatically told his duty was to challenge every one who approached him, and, warming with excitement, the gallant officer exclaimed:

"Challenge all; challenge me, sir!" "Well, then," said the sturdy pupil, lowering his rifle and bringing it to the charge: "I do challenge you. Give the countersign, sir."

And the hasty superior, having, in the course of his practical instruction, allowed the word to slip his memory, was forthwith made a prisoner and driven into a sentry box. So situated, the worthy preceptor was soon granted another opportunity of estimating the effects of his teaching. A policeman, passing, demanded why the sentry had imprisoned the gentleman.

"You foolish fellow," said he, "why, it is the —!" But the only reply from the sentry was the vociferous demand: "Give the countersign!" The policeman deeming his uniform to be a sufficient authority for passing the sentry, had also forgotten the word, and he, too, was ordered into the sentry box, from which he and his distinguished fellow prisoner were rescued only when the sentry was relieved.

## VARIETIES.

As a train slowed up at a station a commercial looking man, who had been noticed in earnest conversation with another party of the same general appearance, was heard to remark:

"Smart? He's the smartest drummer you ever met anywhere. Why, he's smart enough to sell suspenders to a dog."

The other commercial man nodded his head at this very happy illustration, and everybody thought the conversation was ended, when a handsome looking individual on the other side of the car remarked:

"It doesn't take a very smart man to sell suspenders to a dog."

Even the sleepy passengers aroused at this startling remark by the lonesome looking individual, and the commercial man asked in some surprise:

"Why not?"

"Because it doesn't."

"What would a dog want with suspenders?"

"To keep up his pants," softly murmured the lonesome individual, gazing out across the snow-swept waste, with a far-away look in his eyes.

And the astonished brakeman sighed so loud as to crack every lamp chimney in the car.

A Boston man who was coming East over the Northern Pacific a few days ago, rode for a day at the rate of twelve miles an hour, was side-tracked all night, and "stalled" in a snow bank all the next day. When night came again he asked the conductor:

"Will you pass through to-night?"

"We may make twenty-five miles," was the answer.

"See here," said the Bostonite, as he lost his placidity of mind. "I've got \$5,000 in stock in this line."

"Well!"

"Well, will you agree to make 100 miles by daylight if I give you the stock?"

"Wouldn't do," was the reply, accompanied by a mournful shake of the head. "If I owned stock in the road, I'd ditch the train,

put on snow shoes, and get to some market where I could sell the stuff for enough to buy me a burial lot outside of this infernal country? Keep your bonds and your patience. Why, the last Boston man who came out here was stuck in a snow bank so long that a toothpick he swallowed in Chicago had time to work out of the calf of his leg!"

"Some folks is just too smart to live," said the old man as he puffed hard at his clay pipe and wiped a tear from the end of his nose.

"Has anybody been trying to swindle you?"

"Waal, it looked that way. A New Yorker came down and bought a farm next to me, and he hadn't been there a week before he proposed a pool."

"On what?"

"On milk and butter. He proposed to put in 15 head of cattle against 15 head of milch, hire the milking done, and divide even on the sales of butter."

"That looks fair."

"So it does, and I was ready to go into it when my old woman hinted that I'd better go over and see his stock. I went."

"Well!"

"Waal, there was 15 head, just as he said, but, bless my stars, if he hadn't counted in a bull, two old stages, and a steer to offset four of my cows, which average 14 quarts of milk apiece per day! I've read a heap about pools, but this is the nearest I ever come to having one bite me."

Gus de Smith was walking down Austin Avenue, where it was quite slippery, when his legs suddenly flew up in the air in front of him, and he came down hard enough on the pavement to make it bulge out in China.

Gilbilly heeled Gus to his feet, and remarked:

"That was quite a slip. Have you been drinking?"

"Not had any drink yet, but expect to have cupsh to my lipsh pretty shoon now, at any moment."

"How do you know?"

"Because old proverb shays, 'Many shillips between cupsh and the lipsh.' I've had twenty shillips already this afternoon, so I reckon I'll get cupsh to my lipsh after a while."

AN illustration of John Adams' force of language and striking figure of speech was given to Daniel Webster just before the venerable ex-President's death. Mr. Webster called on Mr. Adams at his home in Quincy, and found him reclining on a sofa, breathing with great difficulty.

"I am glad to see you, sir," said Mr. Webster, "and I hope you are getting along pretty well."

"Ah, sir," answered Mr. Adams, drawing a long breath, "quite the contrary. I find I am a poor tenant, occupying a house much shattered by Time; it sways and trembles with every wind, and has, in fact, gone almost to decay; and what is worse, sir, the landlord, as near as I can find out, don't intend to make any repairs."

HERE is a very old yarn in a new ulster: The late Professor Sophocles, of Harvard, was a short but finely built man, with bushy, snow white hair and beard, olive complexion, and piercing black eyes, and looked like some venerable Arab sheik. Reserved and shy of manner, he was yet full of genial humor. One of his class-room he asked a student:

"What was done with the bodies of the Greeks who were killed at Marathon?"

"They were buried, sir."

"Next?"

"They were buried, sir."

"Next?"

"I don't know, professor."

"Right. Nobody knows."

"Well, I declare, Chawles," said a Fort Wayne dude to a bank clerk, "what makes you look so down in the mouth. Lost any relations?"

"No; worse than that."

"Is it, indeed; tell it to me—that's a deah fellow, ease your mind."

"Well, you see, my boy, a few weeks before Christmas my best young lady asked me so artlessly what the size of my shoes were."

"Yes—you told her number eight, of course?"

"No; I lied to her, and said number six."

"Well, what of it?"

"Well, confound it, the slippers are just that much too small."

"I wish I were a star," he said, smiling at his own poetic fancy.

"I would rather you were a comet," she said dreamily.

His heart beat tumultuously. "And why," he said tenderly, at the same time taking her unresisting little hands in his own. "And why?" he repeated, imperiously.

"O," he said, with a brooding earnestness that fell freezingly on his soul, "because then you would come round only once every 1500 years!"

Two ladies were walking along East Genesee Street last evening when an zephyr lifted the hat of one of them and sent it whirling a block away. A young gentleman who saw the picture of despair which came over the face of the owner of the hat, went in pursuit of the flying specimen of the milliner's art, overtook it, and returned it to the young woman. Did she thank him. No. She simply remarked:

"I thought that darned rubber wasn't good for nothing!"

## Chaff.

Can a man eating dates be said to consume them?

Song of the garden seeds—"Put me in my little bed."

The proper way to warm the house is to keep the cellar cooled.

Why is a kiss like a rumor? Because it passes from mouth to mouth.

Barium will cover nearly enough parchment to make a circus tent.

The only man in New York City living wholly on water is a boy—in fact, a harbor buoy.

There's one waist that the most amorous poet doesn't care to hug. That is the waste basket.

Why is finding a horseshoe considered good luck? Because a horseshoe is worth twenty-five cents.

I am going to turn over a new leaf, as the caterpillar remarked when he had ruined the leaf; it is illegible.

The use of alligator leather has become so general that it causes the slaughter, every year, of 6,000,000 pigs.

A Western editor lately returned a tailor's bill with the indorsement: "Your manuscript is declined; it is illegible."

No, "Crazy as a bed-bug" is not a refined expression for a young lady to use. You should say, "Crazy as a bed-quilt."

Dentist—"Would you prefer chloroform or laughing gas?" Patient—"What is the difference?" Dentist—"Half a crown!"

You never saw my hands as dirty as yours," said a mother to her little girl. "No; but your ma did," was the ready reply.

"Man," says Adam Smith, "is an animal that makes bargains. No other animal does this; no dog exchanges bones with another."

One of the Harvard students has fitted up his room at the cost of \$4,000. We suspect

that the young man's room is better than his company.

A criminal in a Cincinnati court being asked whether he was guilty or not, answered, "I guess I am, Judge; but I'd like to be tried all day."

A Clinton Seminary girl explains the red sunsets in a most satisfactory manner. She says it is simply the sky blushing when she sees the sun go to bed.

"Yes," said Mrs. Egonoff, "I used to think a great deal of Mrs. Goodie, she was always so kind to me; but, then, I've found out that she treats everybody just the same."

Wanted.—A female who has a knowledge of fitting boots of a good moral character. We suppose boots of a good moral character means those that are well soled.

It was a New Jersey wife who said, "My dear, if you can't drink bad coffee without abusing me, how is it you can drink bad whiskey without abusing the bar-tender?"

"Modesty" asks us "What is the best method of popping the question?" It is a good deal like champagne—if it's not a pop itself, there is something wrong about it.

As a Chicago satirist puts it: "Another Greeley letter expedition is projected, and no time should be lost in forming an Arctic expedition to go in search of this one."

Cheeky Passenger—"Any fear of my disturbance of the magnetic currents, Captain, by going near the compass?" Captain—"Oh, no, sir; brass has no effect on it whatever, sir!"

The Proper Age—"At what age were you married?" asked she inquisitively. But the other woman was equal to the emergency, and quickly responded: "At the paragon."

An Indiana paper notices the death of an old subscriber, and touchingly adds: "We are sorry to hear of the death of any of our subscribers who are prompt about paying bills."

"I am going to plant my foot down," said the lady of the house in wrathful tones. "What yer going to raise, corn?" interrogated the man of the house from behind his paper.

A woman who has to keep the breakfast standing for her two indolent daughters until nine o'clock says this year is no different from all the rest. It is always sleep year with them.

## The Household.

For the Michigan Farmer.

AN AFTERNOON CALL.

BY L. F. N.

One little room so dim and cool,  
Two little women of talk so full,  
Atry nothing, but pleasant withal,  
That's the way for a fashionable call.

Atry nothing? But what of that?  
They fill the void of life so pat,  
You really cannot choose but give  
A willing ear and play—the slave.

SOCIAL RELATION OF CHILDREN TO PARENTS.

Harper's Bazar, in a recent issue, has the following to offer on a subject which is assuming considerable proportions and attracting a good deal of comment:

"Within the past few generations parents have grown into a fashion of self abnegation to a degree very lovely, it is possible, in its effect upon their own characters, but very dreadful in its effect upon the character of their children."

They kept themselves in the background, whether for lack of time or inclination, or because they were not presentable; they wished for few of the evening parties, the drives, the theatres, the distractions in general, as if there were not enough pleasure to go around, their sons and daughters must have all there was; they themselves were apparently too old to know the need of pleasure, or too stiff to receive it; and if not, they had their day, and one must step aside and not stand in the light. The consequence of all which was the cultivation of a sad selfishness in the younger people, who found the world their orange, and not by any means a squeezed orange, but one full of the ripest and most delicious fruit, which the parents had half ruined themselves to keep hanging sweet and fresh upon the stem for the young hands to pluck."

After remarking that these young people would be astonished at being admonished to share the orange with their fathers and mothers, or reminded that their elders for possibly have occasion and inclination for amusement, the Bazar continues:

"Why should the mothers at forty, asked these young reasoners, want, for instance, this soft-tinted silk that would so set off the bloom of twenty, unobscured by the more becoming as silencing lustre and color, when the years had stolen them away; and as for the father of this sort of young people, he was never to them anything but a money-making machine, in whom intelligence or comprehension of the things interesting themselves was always as surprising as it the watch-dog should speak; while an unmarried person of years was nothing but an animate danger signal."

This state of things is about to undergo radical rebuilding. Men and women with experience of life, instead of flirting boys and girls, are to constitute our society. Says the Bazar:

"Think of George and Martha Washington retiring abashed before a band of young waltzers! Think of the splendid French contemporaries of Lafayette shrinking into back parlors and staying upstairs in the sleeping rooms while their young daughters received company! Think of any of the brilliant individuals of historical groups sitting down contentedly to be overlooked and forgotten while schoolgirls gave the tone to manners and college boys passed the time in conversation—those idiomatic slang phrases which catch the ear, and destroy both the language and the faculty of using it."

The self-reliance has grown into an unpleasant self-assertion, and the Bazar wants it put down by chaperonage, saying:

"In all the aping of foreign tricks and manners that has of late beset our people, to the danger of servility, there is no feature of so much worth as this, the chaperonage of young girls, and their consequent reduction to a secondary place in society, and that of the young men of corresponding age with them. It is a feature we should do well to adopt, if we let all the rest go. Chaperonage still to do a great deal toward suppressing the noise of these young creatures who think the world was made for Caesar, and that they are the Caesars; and judiciously pursued, so as not to drive the independent young American to the wall, is sure to bring the matter to its right conclusion. The world may have been made for Caesar; but if the old Caesar does not lay aside the crown, the young one can not take it up."

ECONOMY.

It is fitting that a rural paper discuss the above topic at such a season as this, when produce presents the anomaly of being scarce in quantity and low in price, and the money-lender alone feels prosperous. It is the watchword of the most of us, and becomes such a habit that even after the mortgage is paid, that adjoining forty acres purchased and money

at interest, we go on pinching and pinching, just the same as ever, denying our love of beauty the least crumb of food, until at last we go to rest in a cheap coffin, and our heirs spend in an hour what it took us years to accumulate. To spend a dollar royally is a great delight, and one I will indulge in occasionally, even if I omit shortening from the lower pie crust for months afterward to make up. Economy is beautiful or the reverse, just as its object is worthy or unworthy, and very often a great mistake is made in the application. I have seen children grow up in a home where there were no pictures, books, papers, or anything else to make them happy, and then leave its walls as heirs of many thousands. To "save for our children" is counted as one of the strongest and noblest motives of economy, but even here it is often blindly exercised, and we ourselves grow rheumatic in joints, calloused of hands, unsympathetic and dull, while they grow up maimed in mind, perhaps in body. When we give them any advantage tending to mental or physical strength, we give more wisely than in lands or money, for we equip them to earn these things for themselves, and at the same time to enjoy more fully all that is good and beautiful in life. If we can not afford both, it is much better to give our daughter an education rather than fine dress, and in any case it is well to bear in mind that when she has learned to feel at ease and content in a dress which harmonizes with her or her parents' circumstances, she has learned something more valuable than any amount of Latin. I remember a schoolmate who never



